# The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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## THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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### *THANKSGIVING.*

"We bless Thee . . . for the means of grace and for the hope of glory."

For the rapt stillness of the place
Where sacred song and ordered prayer
Wait the unveiling of Thy face,
And seek Thy angels' joys to share;

For souls won o'er to truth and right,
For wisdom dropping as the dew,
For Thy great Word in lines of light,
Made visible to mortal view;

For blessings of the fruitful season,
For work and rest, for friends and home,
For the great gifts of thought and reason,—
To praise and bless Thee, Lord, we come.

Yes, and for weeping and for wailing,
For bitter hail and blighting frost,
For high hopes on the low earth trailing,
For sweet joys missed, for pure aims crost,

For lonely toil and tribulation,
And e'en for hidings of Thy face,—
For these Thy heralds of salvation,
Thy means and messengers of grace;

With joy supreme, with faith unbroken,
With worship passing thought or speech,
Of Thy dear love we hail each token,
And give Thee humble thanks for each.

For o'er our struggling and our sighing,
Now quenched in mist, now glimmering far,
Above our living and our dying,
Hangs high in heaven one beckoning star.

And when we gather up the story
Of all Thy mercies flowing free,
Crown of them all, that hope of glory
Of growing ever nearer Thee.

—*Eliza Scudder.*

### *NEW HEAVENS AND A NEW EARTH.*

"*We, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.*"—2 PET. iii. 13.

Of all the impressions which Jesus left upon the minds of his immediate followers, none was so distinct and inspiring as the conviction that they were spiritual pilgrims. The life they were living had its advantages and privileges, but these were not to be compared in durability and worth with the blessings which awaited them in the near future. They were cheered and encouraged in all their earthly trials with the assurance of heavenly compensation. Old things they were told would pass away, and all things would become new. The gospel was to them a message of infinite hope. Its visions were intensely alluring. So entrancing were they to the persecuted and suffering that they became insensible to pain and heedless of death. The lifelong attitude of the first disciples was one of expectancy. Their Divine Master had stirred within them a wholesome discontent with themselves and their environment, and had fired their hearts with lofty spiritual ambitions.

The words of the text express with fulness and brevity this new awakening of the spirit in the life of the early Christians, and at the same time reveal the true nature of the religion of Jesus, which was above all

things an inspiring and progressive faith. It made its appeal, not to a dead past, but to the faith and energy of the living present. It assumes as its chief premise the existence of a strong element in human nature which feeds upon the infinite. Nothing mundane satisfies it. It requires all space for its atmosphere, an open heaven for meditation, and boundless possibility for its perfection. Man cannot live a full life except in the midst of infinite surroundings. No mere animal existence suffices for him. He would pine and die without the boundless blue above and unrestricted space around, for these are indispensable to the growth of the irrepressible desire and capacity within him.

The mind may be yoked like a galley-slave to the restraints of business or society, and fret itself for a while amid drudgery and care; but sooner or later it seeks its own hereditary skies, and, rebounding to its native majesty, asserts its hatred of all captivity. And so, looking for a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness is man's normal attitude. He is, and cannot help being, the pilgrim of the Invisible. Think of him as many a science and philosophy too often conceives of him, as simply a creature of sense and physical properties and needs; and then he is, in structure and capacity, little better than the beasts that perish. But recognize that he is mind and spirit as well as flesh and blood, and then no physical or experimental rule will yield a just estimate of him.

It is nothing but a simple truism to say that on one side of our nature we are earthly and evanescent, and on the other eternal, and creatures of unfulfilled desire. Our aspirations are always greater than our attainments.

> "We look before and after,
> And pine for what is not."

There are hungers in us which are never satisfied, and thirsts which are unquenchable. The pleasures of sense and appetite soon pall upon us. We easily exhaust them. But, in the spiritual world, life is quick and exhilarating. In the prosy, humdrum part of our existence the colors are gray, the harmonies are constantly marred by discords, the pathway is often hard with the solemn tread of weary feet; but in the ideal world, the glorious world of intellect and heart, of hope and faith and tender affection, the hues are ever beautiful, the melodies are sweet and unbroken, and the green highway bends to the light and airy step of exuberant felicity.

That which speeds humanity to its goal is not of the earth, earthy, but cometh from above. It is a divine inspiration, a fresh current of invisible energy that propels things forward and upward, and not a mere human contrivance or a hazard of material circumstance. It is something that God continually drops into the tide of human affairs, and not a spasmodic draft upon human resources which are not vast enough to bear the strain that is put upon them. A great ideal is indispensable to excellence of every kind. It is not necessary that people should be steeped in coarse and brutal vices before they lose the crown and ornament of life. It is enough that they are the slaves of anything less than the greatest and best within them. Are we not sensible of our littleness and the comparative worthlessness of our lives every time we slip into a mean thing or try to live on a low plane? We cannot afford to become careless of truths and experiences which are indispensable to refinement and elevation of soul. Unless we accustom ourselves to live largely in the mind and conscience, and hold commerce with eternal things, there steals over us slowly and almost imperceptibly a subtle process of deterioration, which, like a creeping paralysis, works its way through the intellect and will and affections, and destroys the character.

And so, the more we think of it, the more we comprehend that a truly noble life—whether for the individual, the State, or the nation—begins with a recognition of the enormous power and influence of lofty or low ideals, of exalted or ignoble purposes which are born in the imagination. And so looking for a new heaven and a new earth simply means that we are forever exchanging the rule of the sensuous for the rule of the spiritual, and that we are seeking our motives for conduct and character in the absolute gospel of Jesus Christ, and not in any of the commonplace maxims of self-indulgence or earthly expediency. It is a steadfast recognition that man does not live by bread alone, and that

the power of all moral renewal is from above. The source of inspiration is in God and in Jesus Christ, and in a thousand spiritual forces above the level of our own lives. It is God who breathes into us his spirit, and quickens every faculty and gift within us. It is Jesus of Nazareth who sets the style of human worth for us; and in his perfect character we see the Way, the Truth, and the Life for the generations of mankind.—*John Cuckson.*

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## THE STILL HOUR.

Oh, how kindly hast Thou led me,
Heavenly Father, day by day;
Found my dwelling, clothed and fed me,
Furnished friends to cheer my way!

Oh, how slowly have I often
Followed where Thy hand would draw!
How Thy kindness failed to soften!
How Thy chastening failed to awe!

Make me for Thy rest more ready,
As Thy path is longer trod;
Keep me in Thy friendship steady,
Till Thou call me home, my God.

—*Thomas Grinfield.*

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Slowly, through all the universe, the temple of God is being built. Wherever, in any world, a soul by free-willed obedience catches the fire of God's likeness, it is set into the growing walls, a living stone. When, in your hard fight, in your tiresome drudgery, or in your terrible temptation, you catch the purpose of your being, and give yourself to God, and so give Him the chance to give Himself to you, your life, a living stone, is taken up and set into that growing wall. . . . Wherever souls are being tried and ripened, in whatever commonplace and homely ways, there God is hewing out the pillars for His temple. Oh, if the stone can only have some vision of the temple of which it is to lie a part forever, what patience must fill it as it feels the blows of the hammer, and knows that success for it is simply to let itself be wrought into what shape the Master wills. . . . Give free and bold play to those instincts of the heart which believe that the Creator must care for the creatures He has made, and that the only real effective care for them must be that which takes each of them into His love, and, knowing it separately, surrounds it with His separate sympathy. There is not one life which the Life-giver ever loses out of His sight, not one which sins so that He casts it away, not one which is not so near to Him that whatever touches it touches Him with sorrow or with joy.—*Phillips Brooks.*

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## THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all matter for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book.*" This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.— Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated, all* books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

### OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 373 *Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.?*

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Address Mrs. C. W.

Kettell, 19 Brewster Street, Cambridge, Mass. Old correspondents will please address the members to whom they have formerly written. In order to receive books from the Cambridge Branch, it will be necessary henceforth to send a reference with the first request.

*Educational.*

"First Term's Work in Reading," H. M. Cleaveland; "Hints for Sketching in Water Color"; "Half-hour Lectures," H. Warren, K.L.; "The Laws of Contrast of Color," Chevreul; Dower's "School Atlas"; "Art and Formation of Taste"; "Arithmetic by Grades," Prince; "Pronouncing Handbook of Words," Soule and Campbell; "A Second Book in Geometry," Thomas Hill; "The World and its People"; Concordance; "Recitations for the Little Ones."

*Miscellaneous.*

"The Flower Garden," Breck; The Vision of Echard, and Other Poems," Whittier; "Hyperion," Longfellow; "Saint Michael," Werner; "In His Steps," Sheldon; "St. Ann's," Norris; "The Story of Christine Rochefort," "At the Sign of the Silver Crescent," Helen C. Prince; "Mary St. John," "Our Bessie," R. N. Carey; "The Reproach of Annesley"; "Success is for You"; "American Dance Music"; "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," Aytoun; "A Marriage at Sea," W. C. Russell; "Little Daughter of the Sun"; "Impulse and Principle"; "Recollections of my Childhood"; "Great Expectations," Dickens.

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Any person having copies of "Finest of the Wheat," or books of that nature, suitable for a Sunday-school composed entirely of poor children, will please address Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

I have just received a copy of *The Cheerful Letter*, which was kindly sent me by a friend. I feel very grateful for this opportunity of providing myself with something worth reading. I am a widow with two children, and give you my former pastor for reference, Mr. H. F. B. Martin, Union Hall, Franklin County, Virginia. I should be very glad indeed to get "Tempest and Sunshine," "Silas Marner," Meyer's "General History," "In His Steps," or any good book to read. (Mrs.) Mattie Clark, Stuart, Patrick County, Virginia.

In a letter received from Mrs. Alice L. Park, Coulterville, California, she writes: "May I make application for a good neighbor of mine, for a copy of 'Common Sense in the Household' by Marian Harland? She is both poor and deserving, and lost all her books by fire a year ago. I wish some one would send her children a magazine or paper regularly. There are four, from nine to fifteen years of age. Her address is Mrs. Theresa Reedy, Coulterville, California."

Mrs. Anna B. Tucker, Pleasant View, Amherst County, Virginia, asks for the *Youth's Companion*; also copies of *Munsey* for April, May, and June, 1898.

*My dear Cheerful Letter*,—Some kind friend is sending you to me; and I very much enjoy your coming and appreciate the good I get from your contents, and thank the unknown friend for her kindness. I have received several books and a good many papers. I feel grateful to the kind ones, and send them my sincere thanks. I wish also to thank Mrs. D. Jayne of Falconer, New York, for newspaper clippings which I shall make into a scrap-book. My little grand-daughter sends her thanks for books and papers received. We will both very much appreciate and enjoy any and all reading matter sent us in the future. Mrs. Mattie Hulse, Stella, Oklahoma.

(The grand-daughter, Bertha Wilson, would like a dictionary and copy-book.)

*Dear Cheerful Letter Friends*,—It has been in my mind many times recently to write the dear *Cheerful Letter*. I have been so cheered and comforted in the past by reading and letters sent me through it that I wish to express my thankfulness and appreciation to all who have helped me through the little magazine. *Multum in parvo* would well apply to it; for there is much in a small compass in it, and it is truly a cheerful letter in itself. As I am still among uncongenial surroundings, as in the past, with no religious privileges, I appreciate all the kindness shown me. I am unable to walk, and can do nothing but read and write to pass the lonely hours among

strangers. I would like a modern geography with maps, to keep in touch with the places that were hardly in existence or not on our maps sixty years ago, when I studied geography. With many good wishes and prayers for you all. Miss D. D. Dunlop, 32 Williams Street, Roxbury, Mass.

Will the kind friends of *The Cheerful Letter* add to the kindness they have already shown me and mine by sending, when most convenient, some books to replace those belonging to my son Albert, which were destroyed by fire? His home, with all it contained, was burned one night, while the family were away. They had been absent a week. No insurance. The loss falls heavily on us all, as we are partners. But of course he and his wife lose many things which can never be replaced. I will mention some of the books lost; and if any one has copies of these, or others which they can spare, they will be most gratefully received: an Atlas of the United States; an "Arithmetic"; a "Manual of Retouching"; a "History of the United States"; Tenney's "Geology"; Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies"; "Tom Brown at Oxford"; "Tom Brown at Rugby"; Kingsley's "Water Babies"; "Bleak House"; "The Old Curiosity Shop"; "David Copperfield"; "David Grieve"; a Bible; a small dictionary; "1,000 Useful Facts"; "Mrs. Gerald"; "Treasure Island"; Whittier's Works; Tennyson's Works; "Lorna Doone"; William Black's "Yolande"; "Rab and his Friends"; "Daniel Deronda"; Longfellow's Poems; "Lady of the Lake"; "Ivanhoe." Or small pictures, good tasteful ones. Address, Mrs. M. S. Sibley, Manila, Stanley County, South Dakota. Please write address in full, as above. If that is done, packages will come by mail safely. Please do not send by express or freight. The cost is too great to get across the Missouri River and over the remaining sixty-three miles. Those to whom I have not written will accept thanks, and forgive me when they read this. I have been very ill, and could not always acknowledge reading matter; but I send some away every week.

"In His Steps" and "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," by C. M. Sheldon, are asked for by Mrs. N. J. Pruden, Allwood, Amherst County, Virginia.

A friend has introduced *The Cheerful Letter* to me; and I write to you, begging for reading. I am a farmer's wife with three small children, aged six, five, and three years. We live miles from any town or library, and seldom have anything to read except the Bible or a newspaper. Mrs. Ollie D. Ferguson, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina.

Mrs. Levi Mayo, Windsor, New York, asks for "Sowing and Reaping" and "Confessions of an Early Martyr."

Kind friends of the Cheerful Letter and Book Club, I wish to thank you for *The Cheerful Letter* that I receive, and wish to send a request for some kind friend to send me the *Young Ladies' Journal*, beginning with the July part. One was sent to my little girl, and we like it so much. The books and papers I have received so far, I let others read; and they bring pleasure to others as well as myself. Mrs. Laura V. Vaughn, Centralia, Indian Territory.

Mrs. J. L. Cohoon, Penn Yan, New York, asks for "In His Steps" or other reading.

Gladis Thorp, Chelsea, Indian Territory, a little girl of eleven years, with a brother thirteen, asks for reading.

C. B. Frazelle, Swansboro, North Carolina, will be pleased to receive any books, magazines, Unitarian and temperance literature, for circulating library.

Mrs. B. F. Smith has moved from Compton to Oakdale, Washita County, Oklahoma, a new place, where she can do much good with all literature sent to her.

Mrs. S. C. Moore, Slocum, Georgia, would greatly enjoy reading, which she will pass on to others.

Mrs. William N. Null, Myrtle, Nebraska, will be glad of reading, which will be carefully used and passed on, as she has a large circle of acquaintances.

Mrs. Judith F. Bailey, Waugh, Virginia, an elderly woman of limited means, and fond of reading, would be glad to receive any good reading.

Mrs. D. E. Howse, Glenzaida, Alabama, would be glad to receive reading matter, books, periodicals, or magazines.

Once again I come to *The Cheerful Letter*, and would like to thank all who have kindly sent me reading since last December. My health has been much worse this summer, and I will be very grateful for any novels sent me. I do not wish any more magazines. I feel I cannot say too much in praise of the kind Cheerful Letter members. Miss Kate A. Wirick, Lloyd, Jefferson County, Florida.

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## *THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.*

[*Contributions to this department may be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe, 26 Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.*]

### THE SAINTS OF OUR CHILDHOOD.

The remembrance of the people who made our childhood sunny and bright should influence us to be interested in child-life wherever we find it. It is surprising, when we consider it, what slight things, trifles as they seem to us, make deep, imperishable impressions on the hearts of children.

What "little things" they were that made sweet memories for us in those far-off days, and how they have stayed with us through the changes and burdens of life! We sit alone and call up sweet faces, repeat over kindly words, gratefully remember the helping hand given over the hard places of those untried childhood days. Those people whom we loved with our pure, unselfish, childish love are now, in our maturer year, enshrined as saints in our hearts.

And we remember, too, the people who had no sympathy with the young, who expected the judgment, patience, and uncomplaining labor of the man and woman who were doing the work of maturer years.

We remember the faces that frowned at us when we made mistakes or did the "naughty things" incident not only to child-life, but to adult-life as well. We remember those who never gave us an encouraging word when we had tried the best we could to do our duty,—those who witnessed our conflicts and our victories, but who never gave us words of commendation, but who always made much of our failures.

At this moment two women come to mind who have long since passed away from earth. They were both good women, both hard-working women; but their ways were so different in their dealings with children. Visiting them in the summer time, and having free scope to ramble over the large farms, with their pretty brooks, their green pastures, and their groves, was a great treat to us city children. We were to help these good women some in consideration of our pleasant outing. They were burdened with many cares, and the wearying labors that used to come in the olden time of farming.

Aunt Elvira's work was always so momentous, so stupendous, that, as soon as we sat down to the breakfast table, she began to tell over what had to be done that day. One thing followed another, until, taken as a whole, we thought we could never get through it all,—at least our part of it. She moved around in such a frightened sort of way, with cap-strings flying and hurried step, that we were flustered, and jumbled up everything trying to keep up with her; and then she fretted so much for fear she would not get her required daily work done. She was wearied, for she did work very hard. Looking back from a distant standpoint, it is surprising how the dear good women in the farm-houses could accomplish so much.

Aunt Serena was entirely different in her way of getting help out of us. We did more for her than we did for Aunt Elvira. But we did not know it. "One thing at a time, children; and, when you've finished that, then we will see what comes up next." Meal-times were resting spells, and always made bright by the pleasant talk which she managed to get us and the "men folks," who had been busily employed outside, interested in. Aunt Serena always had a fund to draw from in the way of stories about the time when she was a little girl, that she told us while we were helping her with the household tasks. She was just as good and considerate of the chore-boy who worked there as she was of us. It was never a wearisome labor to him to keep Aunt Serena's wood-box and water-pails full. In looking back on her wonderful life, she was a saint on earth in very truth. When things went wrong on the farm, and her husband came in with dejected face, and asked, "Don't you feel discouraged, mother?" she would always say: "No, I am not discouraged. I am disappointed, of course." Being with such persons makes children endeavor to cultivate grand and

good characteristics. We are not careful enough to leave an impress upon the character of children with whom we come in contact, that shall help them when they have grown up and are face to face with the stern realities of daily living. Child-life is helpful to adult-life, if it makes us more particular about our ways and our words. Don't expect too much of children. Make the work given them to do as pleasant and light as can be by words of commendation. Never discourage. Encourage always. A perverse child will not be any less perverse if told there never was such a bad child, and never will be, and you have utterly given him up. Our influence for good over children depends upon our quiet ways, our Christian example of daily living, and our sympathy with them in their undertakings, their mistakes, and their wrong-doings. —*Susan Teall Perry, in New York Evangelist.*

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## *LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.*

SCOTLAND, WINCHESTER, AND SALISBURY.

There is a fairy tale of Grimms' which ends, "And, if any one does not believe this story, he must pay me a crown."

It is said that a little boy arrived at the house of the Brothers Grimm, and, being introduced into their presence, said: "I have come to tell you that I do not believe that story; and I have brought you five pennies, which is all I have, but I will pay the rest of the crown as soon as I can save it up."

What the Grimms were to the little boy, Baedeker is to Undine. She announced that we "must" drive out from Inverness to Culloden Moor. I am not a Jacobite, neither is Undine. I dislike battles and battlefields, whether old, new, or middle-aged. We were in Inverness only one night. We arrived at six, had dinner at seven, and at eight at night found ourselves driving five miles out into the country, because Baedeker had said, "No one ought to leave Inverness without driving to Culloden Moor"!

Here, in April, 1746, Charles Stuart was defeated; and here in June, 1900, at nine o'clock at night, Undine stood, on the huge bowlder called "The Cumberland Stone," whence the duke had directed the battle, The moor—though not a hill, but a moor—stands high above the sea, and gives an impression of lonely, dreary space. All around are the stones marking the burial-places of the Highland soldiers,—the names of the clans rudely carved upon them.

The guide-book says, "There is no inn at or near Culloden"; and there is no human habitation in sight. A part of the moor is planted with firs, which sighed mournfully over the graves of the poor soldiers. Undine gathered some wild flowers from the field. It occurred to me again, as it did in the chapter-house of York Cathedral, that, if our friends at home could suddenly become clairvoyant, and see us at that lonely hour, roaming about in "the wild waste, sae bl'ak and bare, sae bl'ak and bare," they would be inclined to think that "much travelling had made us mad."

But it was worth doing. The drive along the shore of the Firth, and high above it, was very beautiful; and the light was still lingering in the sky, even when we reached Inverness, after ten o'clock. The guide-book says this drive "combines scenic and historic interest to an extent hardly surpassed in the kingdom." Luckily, I did not see this passage until after I had taken the drive; and so the beauty of the combination of water, woods, and sky, in the lovely, lingering Scotch twilight, was more enjoyable because unexpected.

In Edinburgh there is a delightful relic of mediæval times in the picturesque garb of the Highland soldiers. The men themselves are no more mediæval than the rest of us; but they look so, walking or standing about in picturesque groups in the gray old city, in their white or scarlet jackets, plaid kilts, white boots, and bare knees. All Walter Scott's romances seemed to spring into life when we met them. Any one of them, coming around the corner, *might* be Rob Roy or Roderick Dhu. They are quartered at the old castle, and one of the sights is to watch them go through their evolutions. They are not wild free-booters in anything but costume, but go to church peacefully on Sunday. And there we saw them marched out and formed in a square, to march back to the castle. Undine

and I agreed that we ought to be very much obliged to them for thus decorating the old gray town. It would be quite a different place without them.

I thought Undine would like Roslyn Chapel, but she turned up her nose at it as "the worst style of church architecture she had yet seen!" An ecclesiological water-sprite is a new variety. The lakes pleased her,— Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, naturally; and so did Stirling Castle, where the first place we were shown was a dismal little dungeon where, so the guide assured us, Rob Roy was imprisoned. I was then glad to think there was no Rob Roy. But, on the other hand, I am afraid some one must have been imprisoned there,—it does not matter much what his name was. At Stirling the visitor walks around the old walls of the castle and looks down from them on the river below, where it is impossible not to recall instantly Scott's description,—how

> "Twined in links of silver bright,
> Her winding river lay."

That is just the way the river does look, like "links of silver."

They also show you in the town the Church of Grey Friars, and tell you that Queen Mary was married there. Undine, who is a little contradictious, objected, somewhat too hastily, that she had already been shown in Edinburgh the place where Mary was married. But the guide was ready for her there, and reminded her that Mary was married three times, so that, allowing for the one French marriage, it left two for Scotland. Even Undine had no more to say. I believe it was Darnley to whom Mary was married in Stirling.

The pleasantest point of our rather too brief Scotch tour was the night we spent at Inversnaid on Loch Lomond, when we roamed about in the woods and visited the waterfall by *daylight*, between nine and ten o'clock at night; and then sat in front of the house, above the lake, until eleven, while the sky was still bright; and, finally, went to sleep, lulled by the waterfall.

Undine went all through the Scotch mists and showers, quite regardless, without an umbrella, and in her new Redfern hat!

We would much have liked to lengthen our stay in Scotland; but we could not, because we were due at Winchester on Saturday morning, and were to take tea with Miss Charlotte Yonge in the afternoon. Miss Yonge lives about five miles out from Winchester, and with her was staying Miss Christabel Coleridge. Miss Yonge has a pretty, picturesque old house; and it is filled with books,—books on the stairway, books everywhere. Miss Yonge has some strange ideas about Americans, and American girls, especially. I was glad to show her one who looked like a rosebud and did *not* talk through her nose.

The mistake English people make about American girls is in forgetting that they are not all according to one type. As a friend of mine once said: "You might as well say, Europeans do thus and so as Americans do thus and so. You do not lump French and English, Germans and Italians together, and say, They are or do this or that."

When English people speak of "Americans," they are apt to mean "Californians," and Californians of a peculiar type.

On Sunday we went to church in the old Winchester cathedral, and happened to witness a most strange ceremony,—the reception of the chief justice for the assizes. Arrayed in a flowing red robe and a long curling wig, the chief justice walked majestically up the aisle, in front of him a dignified official, bearing a sort of mace. Behind him followed a train of lawyers, in various costumes and long or short wigs. The chief justice, being very tall, was an imposing central figure. It seems there is always a ceremony like this when the chief justice arrives to hold the assizes. The mayor is obliged to be on hand to receive him, and a troop of soldiers to escort him. We had seen these latter waiting outside the cathedral door, and did not know why they were there. It was a most imposing spectacle.

The next day we went to Salisbury, that Undine might add one more to her tale of cathedrals; and, being there, drove out to Stonehenge, that strange phenomenon left us from prehistoric days, of which no one now can give an explanation. It has been variously attributed to the Phœnicians, the Druids, the Belgæ, the Saxons, and the Danes. It has been called a Temple of the Sun and of serpent-worship, a shrine of Buddha; a planetarium; a gigantic gallows on which defeated British leaders were hung

(in honor of Wodin); and a calendar in stone for the measurement of the solar year. Now it is usually classed as a sepulchral stone circle, and referred to the Bronze Age.

As we were close to Southampton, we thought best to go to France by that route. It gives an opportunity to see Rouen on the way to Paris. But it is necessary to travel by night, for the boat leaves Southampton at midnight. There is none by day. We expected to be left by the train directly at the wharf. But, although this is one of the most important routes in going from England to the Continent, travellers are left in a place like the wrong end of a railway station, and have to make their way across tracks and between engines at nine or ten o'clock at night,—a sufficient reason for not choosing this method of crossing to France again.

L. F. C.

## *NATURAL HISTORY.*

### STONE-MASONS.

There are several kinds of caddis-worms which make their cases of grains of sand, gravel, or tiny stones. The largest of these larvæ belongs to the same family as the ruff-coat, and resembles its cousin in face and form. The case, when full-grown, is about the same size and shape as the adult case of the ruff-coat, but is made of gravel stones, rather neatly fitted together, the inside of the case being lined with silk. I have found them in the bottom of the brook where the current was not very rapid. They seemed rather sluggish in their movements, and I think were vegetable feeders. The perfect insects came out early in June, and were of a light yellowish-brown color.

A smaller case than the last, made of fine gravel or of coarse sand, is sometimes very plentiful in a clear, running brook in the woods. It is about half an inch long and one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and is slightly curved. The case of the young is more conical or tapering than that of the adult, which is nearly cylindrical. The larva is an active little fellow, having a black face, and over each cheek a yellow stripe, in which the eyes are situated. Early in June, one year, I found attached to stones in the brook some little balls of greenish jelly, about as big as a small marble. I put one of these in a bowl of water at home; and soon tiny caddis-worms hatched from it, and, making their way out of the jelly, proceeded to concoct for themselves some wee cases with grains of sand, which they enlarged as they grew larger. They lived in my aquarium until the next spring, but died while pupating. The larva always keeps the rear end of his case closed by a small stone; but he seems to leave a tiny hole beside the stone, to allow a free passage of water through the house. When he pupates, he has a stone at each end; but he still must leave a means of entrance for the fresh water which he breathes. The pupa pushes away the stone at the head end when it leaves the case. The perfect insect is dark gray or black, with hairy feelers.

Last spring I found in the same brook another species of caddis-worm, whose case is identical in shape and size with that just described, but can be distinguished from it by being made of finer sand, and by having the rear end of the larval case, and both ends of that of the pupa, closed by a corneous disk, in which is a short, narrow slit to insure a free passage of water through the case. The head of the larva is black, not striped like that of the former species.

Another kind of caddis-worm is very common, walking over stones in a clear, running brook in the woods. I have also found it in a pond. Its case is about three-eighths of an inch when fully grown, arched on the back and flattish beneath. The largest of the little gravel stones of which it is composed are placed along each side of the case. Usually, the two largest are one on each side of the head end. Like the second of the above-described species, the larva is protected from attacks in the rear by attaching a small stone to that end of his case; and during the pupa condition there is another stone at the front end also. These stones are so firmly attached that it requires no little strength to push them off, and I wondered how the larva could obtain a fresh current of water. But, holding the case up between my eye and the light, I saw, with the aid of a magnifying glass, a little grating just under the edge of the terminal stone. Taking off the stone, I

found all round the opening a row of short teeth, looking not unlike the teeth of a moss capsule. Their bases were fastened to the edge of the case and their tips to the stone. Ventilation at the smaller end was provided for in a similar way. The perfect fly which comes from this larva is of a plain dark gray color.

The scientific name of the first-described species is *Stenophylax ;* for the others I can give you neither scientific nor common names, but, if you find them yourselves, as I hope you will, perhaps you can invent some names for them,—a service for which I shall be very grateful.

CORA H. CLARKE.

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### MONKEYS WHO WORK.

Monkeys are very much like people in their ways. Whether the fact pleases us or not, we are obliged to admit it. The baby monkey, droll little bundle of fur that it is, acts wonderfully like the darlings of our nurseries. It puts its finger in its mouth, and it creeps on the ground ; it plays with toys, and it laughs when tickled; it weeps when grieved, and it screams when angry; it moans when ill, coos when caressed, and squalls when left alone,— exactly as do human little folk. When it is a little older, it plays and quarrels, drums on hollow logs to make a noise, jumps, swings, and performs feats of strength so like those in which our own youngsters delight as to be amazing to one who sees them.

Yet they are "full of mischief," we always say; and people chain them up or shut them in cages, where they fret themselves nearly wild. It is pitiful to see the restless creatures, with nothing to help pass away the tedious hours ; and it is not necessary that it should be so. Should pet monkeys, then, be allowed to smash the vases, scrub the wax dolls, choke the baby, and perform the thousand other pranks their four busy hands ache to do? No, indeed! There is a better way. They can be cured of mischief, just as two-handed little people are,— by giving them something to do; by teaching them to work. This is not so hard a task as one might think. Monkeys that live with people are always imitating what they see done, and work is as easy to learn as mischief, if one only thinks so. Why, then, should they not be taught to work ? Long ago it was discovered in Egypt that four hands can be more useful than two, when properly trained. In those far-off days our four-handed relative was employed in certain services about the gardens. He it was, instead of a clumsy man-servant, who was sent into the trees to gather figs and other fruits. He handed them down to his master below, as we learn from the old sculptures, though, to be sure, the picture story does not fail to add that he did not entirely forget himself, and that many a tempting morsel found its way into his mouth. Would a boy have done any better?

Monkeys in our own days do such wonders that perhaps we have no reason to doubt the story, told by an old writer, of one which used to be sent regularly to buy wine. The animal was a coaita, one of the spider monkeys, which are able to walk upright without much trouble. When sent on his errand, he had the jug in one hand and the money in the other; and he was wise enough to keep the money until the wine was ready, when he would pay for it and carry it home.

In our day the monkey has not escaped from work. In fact, he is learning to do more every day, and the time will perhaps come when he will be a common worker. In one part of Africa he is taught many useful tasks about a house, such as holding the torches which are used to light up the room for a feast. Several monkeys are placed on a bench, each with his light to hold. There they must sit, and see others eat and drink and have merry times, while they dare not stir hand or foot lest they put out the lights. If they are very good, when the feast is over, they have a supper themselves.

One of the most teachable of the race is the chimpanzee. In their native land young chimpanzees are caught when mere babies, and are taught to be very useful. They are able to carry pitchers of water on their heads, as the people do, and to keep a fire going or to watch the cooking. When they live among white people, they learn to sweep and dust, to clean boots and brush clothes. Monkeys are quick to learn politeness and refined manners, for nothing seems to please them so much as to copy the ways of those

about them. It is easy to teach them to eat with knife and fork, to drink from a cup or glass, and to use a napkin. They like it, too, and soon relish our food, and show likes and dislikes as strong as the most national "spoiled child" in America.

They take kindly to other ways of ours. They enjoy sleeping in beds, and soon learn to "make them up." They like to be warmly dressed, and can readily learn to dress themselves. They also have their own taste in colors.

In the island of Sumatra the common monkey is the bruh, or pig-tailed monkey; and he becomes a docile and intelligent servant. What he has to do is to gather cocoanuts. Of course, nothing is easier for a four-handed fellow than to climb the tall trees and throw down nuts. But the bruh does better than that. He selects nuts, gathering none but the ripe ones; and, what is more, he picks only as many as his master wishes.

The latest report of a monkey that works comes from Florida. It is a chimpanzee, trained to wait at table; and its owner says that it does the work of four negro waiters. It wears a livery, and carries a napkin in the proper way. Its only weakness is so irristible a fondness for sweets that it is obliged to take toll as it serves them.—*"Four-handed Folk," by Olive Thorne Miller.*

## NOVEMBER.

Yet one smile more, departing distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft, vapory air,
Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast;
And the blue gentian flower, that in the breeze
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur in the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost and winds and darkened air.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

## AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[*Please send all material for this department to Miss E. D. Chapman, 34 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.*]

### Charades.

1.

My *first* is extremely useful
And is found in various forms;
My *last* is blood that is kindred,
Involving the "tie that warms."
My *whole* is one of the glories
Of Autumn's plentiful horn,
And awakens anticipation
On each Thanksgiving morn.

2.

My *first* is illimitable, vast.
My *second* we fold to our breast.
My *whole* are changeable while they last.
They quickly come, and are quickly past;
And one is a time of rest.

E. P. P.

### Conundrums.

1. What is the smallest room in the world?

2. What did Adam and Eve do after leaving the Garden of Eden?

3. What is the difference between a cloud of rain and a beaten child?

4. What remedy does an Irishman take for a scolding wife?

5. Why is a man upstairs beating his wife an honorable man?

6. "By the way," said a lady, "when is it dangerous to enter an Episcopal church?"

### A Mangled Verse.

Insert vowels in the following lines where the dashes are placed, and form a verse from one of Tennyson's poems:—

S-- wh-t - l-v-ly sh-ll,
Sm-ll -nd p-r- -s - p--rl,
Ly-ng cl-s- t- my f--t,
Fr--l, b-t - w-rk d-v-n-,
M-d- s- f--r-ly w-ll
W-th d-l-c-t- sp-r-- -nd wh-rl,
H-w -xq--s-t-ly m-n-t-,
- m-r-cl- -f d-s-gn!

### Cross-words.

Place the following words one below the other. The initials of number 1 will form the name of a tree, the finals, its fruit. Of number 2, the finals, a plant; the initials, its fruit.

1. A weight, the seat of a university in the United States, a boundary, and one of the Fates.

2. A space of time, unknown, bravery, and a musical composition.

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*Answers to Puzzles in October Number.*

*Biblical Enigma.*

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

*Beheadings.*

1. Forage, orage (storm in French), rage, age.
2. Scant, cant, scan, can, an.
3. Spark, park, ark, spar, par.

*Arithmetical Puzzles.*

1. IV.
2. Cid.
3. EVIL.

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## *THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.*

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged — not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort — by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,— good citizens of the country, for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

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## *IMPORTANT NOTICES.*

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to our secretary, Miss Langmaid.

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, December 7, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested in this work are cordially invited to be present.

*Please notice that the address of the secretary has been changed from* 2 *Gordon Terrace, Brookline, to* 373 *Boylston Street, Boston.*

News has been received of the death of Miss Alma Woodson of Sandidges, North Carolina.

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## DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, —Miss Bertha Langmaid, 373 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

TREASURER OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, —Miss Louise Howe, 53 Linden Street, Brookline, Mass., or 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Subscriptions and renewals should be sent to the treasurer, also all changes of address and requests for discontinuance. The subscription is fifty cents a year. If subscribers do not receive the paper regularly, they are requested to notify Miss Howe at once.

Those not able to subscribe for the paper, but desiring to receive it, may do so by writing to Miss Louise Howe, as above. Please give full name and address. Also send name of minister as reference. Some of our members take the paper in order to send it to those who are not able to subscribe for it.